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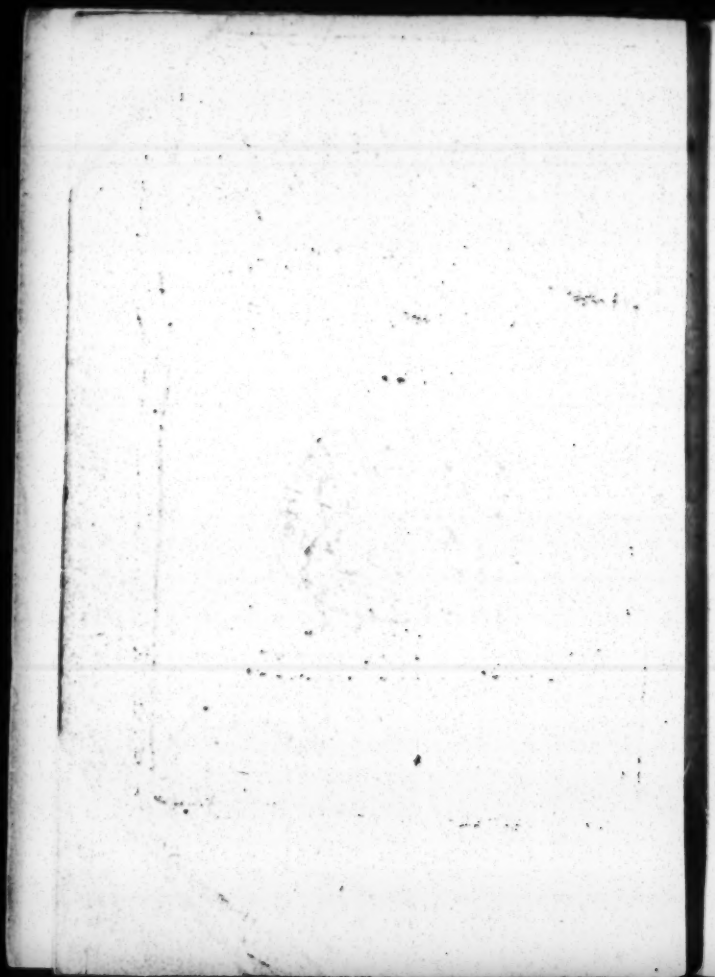
Psalmes

or prayers taken
out of holy scrip^u

ture.

¶ Londini.

AN. M.D. LIX.



PSALME.

The firste Psalm.

For the obteynnyng remission of synnes.



O Lord of
Lodes, God
almighty,
great & dread-
full, whiche by
thy word hast
made heauen, and earth, the
sea, and all thynges con-
teyned in them.

Nothing is able to resist
thy power, thy mercye is o-
uer all thy workes.

A.ii.

All

FIRST

All thynges be vnder thy dominion and rule, both mā and beaste, and all luyngge creatures.

Thou arte mercyfull to whom thou wylte, and haste compassiō whom it pleaseth thee.

Thy counsaile shal stand for ever, and what so ever thou wilt, shalbe done.

Power, dominion, and glory is thine, whych art about all thynges, and in all thynges, and in vs all.

Thou arte father of mercies, and God of all grace, peace, and comfort, whiche
wilt

PSALME.

Wilt not the death of a syn-
ner, nor deliuest in the dam-
nation of soules.

O Lorde God, whiche art
ryche in mercy, and of thine
especiall loue towards vs,
euen when we were thyne
enemies by synne, diddeste
sende into the worlde thyne
only begotten sonne Iesus
Christe: that who so euer be-
leueth dwelpe in hym, shall
not perishe, but haue euerla-
stinge lyfe.

Haue mercye vppon me,
haue mercye vppon me,
acco;dyng to thy great mer-
cy.

A. III.

And

F Y R S T

And accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies, putte away mine offences.

¶ God most holy, washe me from my wickednesse: & make me cleane fromie myne vncleannes.

For I acknowledge (O lord) mine heynous synnes, & accuse my selfe of mine vnrighteous dedes.

I confesse against my selfe, the wyckednesse of my heart whypche hath ben ever vnfaithfull, and rebellynge agaynst thy preceptes.

I haue ben an vntrue and a frowarde chylde to thee, & haue

PSALME.

haue prouoked the, with my
vanities.

A holy father I haue of-
fended thy deuine maiesty:
and am not worthy to be
called thy sonne.

Because I prouoked thee
to anger through the multi-
tude of my sinnes; and haue
not exercised my selfe in thy
rightfull lawes.

I haue turned backe from
thy wayes, and done euil be-
fore thee: I haue done wyck-
edly & vnjustly behaued my
selfe, leauyng thy commaun-
dementes, and murmurings
agaynst thy correction.

A. llll.

I

FIRST

I haue tourned my selfe
away, and not kepte my pro-
mise made vnto thee: I haue
walked in an euyl waye af-
ter myne owne thoughtes
and fantasies, chosynge the
thynges that thou wouldest
not.

O Lorde God almyghty,
I haue not feared thee, nor
shewed due reuerence vnto
thee: but I haue bene disobe-
dient and stubburne against
thee.

As a common harlotte is
without shame, eue so am I
without shame of my sinnes
(beholde) I speake vnto the,
and

PSALME.

and yet I sin more, & more.

I haue leste that whiche
is good, and gone back from
thee: and I haue not putte
my truste and hope in thee
(my maker) but haue sought
for help and safegarde other
wyse.

I haue plowed wickednes
and reaped iniquitie, and ea-
ten the fruite of lies: because
I haue trusted in mine own
wayne.

I haue cast thy lawes be-
hynde my backe, not regar-
dynge thy commaundemen-
tes, nor leauing myne owne
lewd customes.

A. b.

I

FYRST

I haue not geuen my herte
to returne to thy pathes.

For I wolde not knowe
thee, but haue fallē through
myne iniquitie.

I neuer vnto this day tur-
ned truely vnto thee with all
my herte: but as a woman
that breaketh her fidelitie &
promise vnto her hus bande,
euen so, O lord God, I haue
broken my promyse vnto
thee.

For I haue lynced abho-
minably, & haue had no re-
morse nor repentance for my
evyll deedes: but haue
runne from synne to synne,
following

PSALME.

folowynge the leude desyres
of my hert.

Thou knowest all thynges (O Lorde) howe I haue
prouoked thee to displeasure
by my leud inuencions: and
none of all my synnes be hid
from thee.

I hated thy discipline and
correctiō: and regarded not
thy wordes and saynges.

I haue not done penance
for my malice: but haue en-
creased in muche vanitie.

My hert hath ben voyde
of truche: and my handes
haue wrought vnrighteous-
nesse.

My

FIRST

My tounge hath spoken
sinfully: and I haue labored
with the imaginacion of my
herte to fynde oute lyes and
deceytes, and no truth hath
ben in my wayes.

I haue accustomed my
tounge to speake trifles and
vanities, fulfylling my fel-
shely desires and thoughtes:
my purposes and inuencions
haue benne contrarie to thy
wyll, whereby I haue of-
fended the eyes of thy maie-
tie.

Thou haste seene all these
thynges (O Lorde) and haste
holden thy peace, & yet they
wer e

PSALME.

Were euill in thy syght, and
displeased thee.

In thy angre thou haste
cast me away, & art deuyded
from me now many dayes.

Thou haste geuen me by
to the despers of my hart: to
do the thynges, whyche be
not semynge.

Who am I, that I haue
gone from thee, greate is my
misery, that I haue ledde my
lyfe in syn.

Who is mee, that I haue
forsaken thee to doe my de-
uyles; not after thy mynde
to accomplishe my though-
tes, whyche haue not proce-
ded

FYRST

ded of thy spirite, but haue
heaped vp sinne vpon sinne.

Mine infamy and reprove
is dayly before myne eyes: &
for shame I dare not shewe
my face.

And now, O Lord God,
why forgettest thou me: why
kepest thou away so long thy
mercy from me?

Here now my cause graci-
ously, althoughe thou haste
benne displeased with me a
greate while: for thou arte
mercypfull: be not angrie al-
wayes I beseeche thee.

Cast not away a contryte
and

PSALME.

¶ a penitent person, a wretche and an abiecte, whyche humblye calleth vppon thy name.

Turne agayne a lytle towarde me, O lord God, and forgeue me my mischeuous deedes.

Order me not accordynge to my synnes nor punishe me as my wyckednesse deserueth.

¶ Shewe not forth the thy power agaynst a poore wretche: persecute hym not so sore, whyche is wythout all strength.

Turne

FIRST

Turne not thy face a-
waye from my prayers: but
accoꝝpyng to thy promyses
take me agayne into thy fa-
uour.

For I am thyne (O righ-
teous Father) whome thy
onlye deare sonne hath re-
deemed wth hys precious
bloude.

And nowe my soule ab-
horreth my olde conuersa-
cion: and of thee (which arte
iudge of all men, I aske mer-
cy.

I doe submitte my selfe
vnder thy myghtye hande
for after thyne anger thou
shalt

PSALM.

Theseste mercye, and in the
time of tribulaciō thou dost
forgeue sinnes.

I acknowledge that I am
a sinner, beseeching thee, lord
God almighty, of thy good-
nesse to doe wth me accor-
dyng to thy great mercy.

I am confounded and asha-
med to lyft vp mine eyes vn-
to thee, for my sinnes are as-
cended vp into thy sight.

Agaynst thee (O father) a-
gaynst thee haue I synned,
and doone euill before thee,
thou seest, that mine iniqui-
tie is great.

Truely I haue benne an
B.i. offen

FIRST

offender agaynst thee, euen
from my Cradell, and sence
I sucked my mothers brea-
stes, I haue not ceased to do
euill.

Beholde, I was begotten
in iniquitie: and my mother
brought me into this world
defyled with sinne.

For the corne of an euill
seede is so wed in my heart, &
howe much wickednes hath
sprong therof vnto this daye
thou knowest (O Lorde)

I can not shake of my sin-
nes and offences, but I cry
I will worke me the iniamy of
my youth.

Behold

PSALME.

Beholde Lord I am sold
vnder sinne: and in my flesh
I fynde not that, whiche is
good.

For the good that I wolde
that doe I not: but the euyll
that I hate, that I doe.

Al the thoughtes and ima-
ginacions of my heart haue
ben set to do euyll, euer sens
I was yonge.

O whye doe I dye in my
sinnes Lord God: seying thy
wil is not that a sinner dye,
but retourne from his sinne
and lyue.

For thou art good & mer-
cifull, and accordeinge to thy
B. ii. great

F Y R S T

great mercye, sauest the that
be vnwoorthy.

For albeitt no man is able
to bere the punishment whi-
che thou dost threate against
sinners, yet the meret which
thou hast promysed, is great
and vnsearcheable.

Thou hast shewed mercye
a thousande tymes heretofore
to make thy name glorious,
as it is euen yet sayll.

The olde fathers in theyr
necessities cryed vnto thee, &
thou dydeste deliuer them:
they put theyr trust in thee, &
they were not confounded.

When they were at their
witteg

PSALME.

wittes ende, and wyffe not
what to doe: this was theyr
only refuge, to lyfte vp theyr
eyes to thee.

Thou dyddest saue them
for thy names sake, to shewe
in the thy myght & strength.

Many a tyme they prouo-
ked thee, throught theyr ini-
quities, and stirred thy good-
nes to displeasure.

Yet whā thou sawest theyr
tribulacion, and theyr lowly
submission vnto thee.

Thou diddest remembre thy
promise, and by and by hadst
pittie and compassion vpon
them, accordyng to the mul-

W. lli.

titude

FYRST

multitude of thy mercyes.

Haue mercye vpon me (O Lord god omnipotent) haue mercye vpon me: for I am a myserable and a wretched creature: Make me hole, I beseeche thee, who thou haste stricken for my sinne, and iniquitie.

My soule is troubled greatly: and how longe (O Lorde) wilt thou not loke towarde me?

Howe long wilt thou respect my prayer thus crying out vnto thee: wilt thou heare me at no tyme: how long wilt thou

PSALME.

thou tourne away thy face
from me?

Where be thy old mercies
(O Lord) whom thou haste
stablished in the truth?

Wylt thou nowe (O Lord
God) cease to shewe mercy?
or wilt thou withdraue thy
goodnesse for displeasure?

Haste thou cast me away
for euer: that thou wylt ne-
uer hereafter be pleased wylh
me?

Thy hande is not weake-
ned, but it may help: and thi
caries be not stopped, that
they refuse to here.

How longe shal my mynde
B. iiii. be

F Y R S T

be troubled with painful and
heauy thoughtes: how longe
halt sorow tormēt my hert?

How longe shal mine ene-
mye haue the ouerhande of
me: loke towardes me (lorde
God) and heare my prayer.

Geue light to my eyes, for
I haue slept to long in death
and my synnes haue preua-
led agaynst me.

Turne agayne (O Lord)
tourne agayne, and deliuer
my soule: & saue me for thy
great mercies sake.

Lo, nowe is the accepted
tyme: nowe bee the dayes of
health and grace.

In

PSALME.

In death who shall reme-
ber thee: or in hell who shall
laude and prayse thee?

He that lyueth, be that li-
ueth, shall prayse thee: & shall
make thy mercy knowen.

Lorde rebuke me not in
thine anger: nor punish me
in thy great displeasure.

Cast not thy darte at me:
nor lay not thy heauy hands
vpon me.

For I haue bozne thine
anger a longe whyle, and of
the cup of thy hygge displea-
sure, I haue dronke verpe
decey.

There is no healeth in my
fleshe

13.6.

FYRST

flēſhe for feare of thy diſple-
ſure: I haue no peace nor reſt
whan I beholde my ſinnes.

Mine iniquities be gone
ouer my head: and lyke an
heauye burden they dāpelye
preſſe me downe.

The woundes in my ſoule
do feſter and ſinke euen tho-
rough mine owne folly.

I am a wretched, caſt away
from thy fauour & preſence,
and goo mournynge all the
day longe.

My ſoule is full of filthi-
neſſe, and no parte of me is
whole and ſounde.

Wherfore my enemies
do

PSALME.

doe persecute me the more:
the greatnesse of my payne
maketh me to roze and crye.

My hearte faintethe and
trembleth within me, & my
strength is gone away.

O Lord, thou knowest
my desyre, and thou seest my
necessitie.

Forgeue me all my sinnes
(O Lord God almighty) for
thy owne sake, and put oute
of thy sighte my heynous of-
fences, for accordyng to thy
goodnes thou hast promysed
forgeness of sinnes to them
that doe penauce.

Haue

FYRST

Haue mercy on me Lorde
for the glozy and honour of
thy name, and be no longer
displeased with me, and thā
thou shalt surely be known
to bee iuste and true in thy
wordes, and shalt overcome
whan thou art iudged.

For by this, thy greate
grace shalbe known, that
thou takest mercy on them,
which haue not wherof they
may glozy in thy syght.

And al the dwellers on the
earth shal learne and knowe
thy goodnes, whā thou shalt
conferre and geue thy bene-
fittes to vs for thy greate
names

PSALME.

names sake, and not after
our euyl wayes and wicked
deedes.

Merely Forde god, except
thou shewe vnto vs thy ma-
nyfolde mercies, the worlde
shall not haue lyfe, noz they
that dwell therein.

And yf thou helpe vs not
with thy goodnes, how may
they, which haue offēded, be
raised vp from theyr synnes?

Haue mercy on me (o good
father) haue mercy on me, &
for thy glozious name, be no
longer angry with me.

Take me sinner vnto thy
mercy for the name of thy
holy

F Y R S T

holy son Iesu, whome thou
hast sent to be the obceyner
of mercy for our sinnes tho-
rough faith in his blood.

Behold holy father, behold
the chylde, whom thou hast
chosen: behold thy wel belo-
ued sonne, in whom thy soule
delireth: behold whom thou hast
put thy holy spire, and sent
him to preache the gospel to
the poore: to heale them, whi-
che for their sinnes be sorow-
ful and contrite: to comforte
them that mourne, to prea-
che pardon to the prisoners,
and sight to the blinde.

Behold thy little one,
whiche

PSALME.

which was borne for vs: We
holde thy sonne, which is ge
uen to vs, whom thou haste
not spared, but geue to deeth
for vs all, to be a swete offe
ryng, and a sacrifice to thee.

Merely he toke vppon him
in his bodie our infirmities,
and he bare our paynes.

He was made weake for
our sinnes, & he was woun
ded for our offences.

The correcciō for our peace
was layed vpon hym, and by
the strokes that he suffered
our woundes were healed.

All we went a strape lyke
sheepe, euerie one folowed
his

FYRST

his owne way, and thou, O
lord, puttst on hym our ini-
quities, striking hym for the
offences of the people.

He gaue hys bodye to be
beate, & his chekes to be stri-
ke, he turned not away hys
face from them that scorned
him, and spie vpon him.

Throughe hys loue and
mercy, he hath redeemed the
that were lost, & by his blud-
shed on the Crosse, he hath
pacified all thinges in heauē
and earth.

He gaue hym selfe to deatch
& made hys prayers for them
which were offenders.

Loke

PSALME.

Take (O mercyfull father
and consider, who it is, that
thus dyd suffer: and remem-
bre (I beseeche thee) for whom
he hath suffered.

For this is that innocent,
whom thou gauest to deathe
for vs, euen than whan we
were sinners, & shall we not
beyng nowe iustified by hys
bloud, much rather be saued
from wraath throughte hym?

If wee (whan we were
yet enemyes) were recon-
ciled to thee, by the deathe of
thy sonne, shall we not (be-
yng reconciled) much ra-
ther be saued by his lyfe.

C

Be

F Y R S T

Beholde that pure and immaculate lambe, whiche taketh away the synnes of the worlde, by whose pꛛecyouse bloude we are redeemed from our iniquities.

Loke vpon that most meke innocent, whiche like a lābe was led to his death, and beinge moste cruely entreated once opened not his mouthe.

Behold thyne onely sonne, whom although thou begatest of thy almyghty power, substance & nature, yet thou woldest he shoulde be partaker of my infirmitie.

Whiche being God in nature

PSALME.

ture thought it no raupne to
be equal with god, but made
hym selfe lowe, takynge by
pon hym the shappe of a ser
uaunt, and commynge in the
synilitude of synfull fleshe,
condēned sinne in the fleshe,
submitting hym self vnto the
D father, euen to the deathe
of the crosse, & there put out
the hād wytyng that was a
gaist vs, cōteined in the lawe
writte, & taking it out of the
way, fastned it to his crosse,
on the whiche he spopled po
testates & powers, and made
a shewe of them openly, and
triumphed ouer them in his

FYRST

owne person.

Tourne the eyes of thy
maiestye (O Lord God) and
loke vpon the woorkes of thy
ineffable goodnesse.

Beholde thine owne swete
sonne, how all hys body was
drawen, and stretched forth
on the crosse.

Loke vpon all the partes
of his body, from the crowne
of the heade vnto the sole of
the fote, and no payne shalbe
founde like vnto his payne.

Beholde (O louynge fa-
ther) the blessed heade of thy
deare sonne, crowned wyth
sharpe thornes, & the bloude
running

PSALME.

runnyng downe vpon hys
godly bysage.

Beholde hys tender bo-
dye, how it is scourged: hys
naked breste is striken and
beaten, hys bloudy syde is
thrusted through: his hearte
pāreth, hys sinewes be stret-
ched forth: hys godly eyes
dassell and lose theyr syghte:
hys princely face is wanne
and pale, hys pleasant tonge
is inflamed for payne: hys
inwardes partes ware dye
and starke: hys armes both
blewe & wanne be styffe: hys
bones bee plucked one from
another: hys beautifull leg-

C iii ges

FYRST

ges be feble and weake: and
the streames of bloude iss-
uinge out of his bodye, runne
downe apace out of his fete.

Loke, O my father, vpon
the humanite and gentilnes
of thy deare sonne: and pytie
the infyrmyte of thy weake
handy worke.

Behold (O gloriouse father)
the bodye of thy deare sonne
all to rent and torne: and re-
membze I beseeche thee, of how
small substance I am.

Loke vpo the paine of him
that is both god & man: and
release the misery of manne,
whome thou hast made.

Behold

PSALME.

Beholde the greuous sufferinge of the redemer, and forgiue the sinne of him that is redeemed.

Kepe me from all euil waies and teach me by thy holy spirit to chose the way of truth I beseeche thee (O thou kyng of holynesse) by hym that is moste holy, by this my redeemer Christ, that thou bring me agayne into the ryghte waye.

That I may be vnyted and made one with him in spirit whiche abhorred not to bee vnited with me in fleshe.

Make mee to goe perfectly
C. lxxx. in

F Y R S T

in thy pathes, and to hate all
wycked wayes.

Wathe my heart from ma-
lyce, and clense me from my
secrete synnes.

Clense me (O holy father)
with the bloude of the newe
testament of thy welbeloued
sonne: whyche hath loued
vs, and washed vs with hys
bloud from our synnes, and
hath redemed vs frome all
iniquitye.

Purifye my hearte by the
sanctificatio of thy spirite, &
the spzynkelyng of the bloud
of thy sonne, from all filthy-
nesse of synnes, and euyl con-
sci.

PSALME.

science.

O god almyghty, be merciful vnto me a synner, for thy gloryouse names sake, and remembre my synnes no longer.

For thou arte God gracious and mercifull, & paciēty doest suffer vs: and woldest that no man should perishe, but that all men shoulde returne to penance.

Make me (**O** Lord God) to returne from my euil wales and wycked thoughtes.

Remembre not the synnes & abominacions of my youth accordinge to thy mercy, be

C v

mynde.

FYRST

myndfull of me for thy good
nes sake (O lord)

Take not vpon me with a
greuous countenance: for
there is no manne that dare
speake for me.

Entre not into iudgement
with thy seruant, for if thou
accuse me, I shall neuer bee
quyer.

For if thou (O lord) marke
my sinnes and iniquite: who
shall not fall before thee.

This is certaine and sure,
that than in thy sight no mā
liuing shalbe iustified, seyng
thou haste founde iniquitie
euen in thy aungels.

Now

PSALME.

How much rather is mā,
whiche is abhominatiō & fil-
thynes, and dwelleth in the
earthly house of this bodye,
and drynke the iniquytie as
it were water.

Who is cleane from filthi-
nes, when all be corrupted:
truly not one, no thoghe he
haue lined but one daye on y
earth: and thoghe his mon-
thes may be easeli numbzed.

Of a truch there is no mor-
tal mā, which hath not done
wyckedlye: noz there is any
ryghteous on earth, whych
doth good, and linneth not.

¶ Yet because mercy is in thy
hand.

FYRST

hād, O Lord, although thou
be dyedful, my hope is in the,
in whom my soule trusteth.

My soule loketh for the, be-
cause mercy and plentiful re-
dempcion is with thee.

For this I know assuredly
that thou wylt not cast me a-
way for ever, but althoughe
thou caste me awaye for my
sinnes a while, yet thou wilt
haue merci vpon me againe,
accoordinge to the multytude
of thy mercoies.

For thou, O Lord, art full
of pytie and mercy, and wilt
not tourne thy face awaye
from vs, if we wpll retorne
to

PSALME.

to thee.

Thou art our God full of
sweetenelle, veryrie, and pa-
cience, and disposyst all thin-
ges by mercy.

The fountaynes of thy
goodnesse bee euer full and
flowe ouer : thy grace neuer
decayeth.

All thy wayes be mercy &
truth, to them that seke oute
thy couenant & testimonies.

How gentyl & louyng the
father is to hys chyldren, so
gentyll and louyng art thou
(O Lord) to them that feare
thee, and for the abundaunce
of thy mercy thou doest par-
done

F Y R S T

don our infirmities.

Thou knowest thine owne handye worke, thou remembrest what we are, thou seest that we are fleshye, and of no strength.

Thou haste not forgotten, that this worlde is full of vnrightheousnesse and wyckednesse, and that it is whollye set and bent on euyl.

But neuerthelesse thou art mercifull and full of grace, & lyke a mercyfull lord forbearst to punish sinners, whan they repent them selfe, and re turne from theyr sinnes.

Haue mercye vpon me, O
lord

PSALME.

lorde god my saviour) for the
gloze of thy name, and deli-
uer me, and forgiue me my
sinnes for thy names sake.

O righteous father, loke
not straitely vpon the multi-
tude of my synnes, but loke
on the face of Iesu thy holye
sonne, which being without
sinne, bare our sinnes in his
body on the tree of the crosse.

Turne away thy face from
my synnes, and put out all
my iniquities.

Make a cleane heart in me
O god, and renue me w. th, a
right spirite.

Cast me not away from thy
presence

FYRST

presence, and take not thy holy spirite from me.

Geue me againe the cōfozte of thy helpe: and stablysh me wpth thy myghty spirite.

Mollify my heart (O Lord God, that I may retorne to thy pathes: for I haue wandered ouerlonge in the waye of errour.

Turne me to thee, & I shal be tourned: for thou arte my maker, and I am the claye & woꝝke of thy handes.

Turne not thy face away from me, nor go not frō thy seruaunt in thyne angre.

Be my helper, and for sake me

PSALME.

me not: dyspyse me not, O
Lord, whyche art my God, &
my health. Amen.

The seconde Psalm.
For remission of
synnes.

O Moste myghtye God
of Angels and of men
whose Judgements
be vnsearcheable: and whose
wysedome is profounde and
deepe.

Here the prayers of thy ser-
uant: and cast not away the
humble suppes of thy poore
creature and handy woork.

D

For

SECONDE

For as long as I shal lyue,
I wyl speke vnto thee, and I
wil not hold my peace so lōge
as the breath is in my body.

I do tourne my soule vnto
thee, and I set mine eyes di-
rectly vpon thee.

Let thine anger be turned
away frō me, I beseeche thee,
and graunt that I may finde
grace & fauour in thy sight.

Accordinge to the great-
nes of thy mercye, forgue
me all my sinnes.

Blotke me away frō mine
heynous offences: and heale
my soule, whiche hath offen-
ded the, make me free frō the
guylt

PSALME.

gyft of my transgrefsyon: for
I acknowledge my iniquite,
and am fozp for my finnes.

I haue fozfaken thy waye,
and I knowing thy cōmaun-
deementes, haue done al thin-
ges cōtrary to them.

I haue broken the conenāt
that I made with the: & haue
dispyled to kepe thy lawe.

Verily I haue sinned agaynst
thee (O lord god) and the ble-
mythe of my syn abideth ityll
with me euen vnto this day.

I haue fozfaken the (O god
my maker) & gone awaye fro
thee my sauiour: and haue re-
belled agaynst the, like the ore

D ii

that

SECONDE

that wynceth and stryuethe
whan he shulde be yoked.

I haue hardned my harte
agaynst thee: and I haue lif-
ted vp my necke proudey af-
ter my sinne.

I haue trusted in lies, and
thzough decepte woulde not
knowledge thee: but I haue
folowed the lewdenes of my
heart.

My pryde and arrogancy
haue beggled me: and the fo-
lysh boldnes of my hert hath
broughte mee into desolate
wayes.

Mine owne counsailes and
aduyces haue broughte mee
these

PSALME.

these thynges: suche is the
malpce and rebellio that pos-
selleth the bertes of men.

My soule is put from qui-
etnes and reste, & I can not
thynke of any good thyng.

The yoke of my synnes is
waxed berpe heauy, it is lyf-
ted vp and fastned about my
neck.

Thou hast spoken to me,
but I would not heare: thou
hast called me, but I would
not answere, I beleued not
thy wordes, nor would abide
thy counsaile.

I regarded not thy holye
wooꝝde: and I gaue not my
Dill mind

SECONDE

mynd to thy sayinges.

Thou hast stricken me, but
I wolde not know the cause
therof: thou hast corrected
me, but I woulde not take
thy discipline.

I dyd not consider in my
heart that thou wouldest not
forget my sin and malyce.

With my mouthe and my
lips I glorified thee: but my
heart was farre from thee.

I hid my sinnes as Adam
did: to the intente to haue
mine iniquitie vnknowne.

I asked not counsaill of thy
mouth, and I wolde not fo-
llowe thy lawe.

I haue sinned besoze thine

PSALM.

eyes: and therfore my soul is
made vnstable.

I forsake the, which art the
fountaine of continual sprin
ging waters: to chintente to
digge to my selfe muddy pic
tes, which haue no water, in
all these thinges I am not re
toured to thee: no: I haue
not prayed vnto thee, that I
might leue my wicked waies

See lord and behold howe
vyle I am made: all the brau
cle of my soule is perished &
gone, in so much that now
I dare not in anye wyse be
holde and loke vpon thee.

And there was no cause why

D.iii.

I

SECONDE

I thoulde forsake thee, and
vainly folow baine thinges.

Lozde haue mercy vppon
mee and heare my pzayers:
foz thou arte my God, and
there is no Saviour besydes
thee.

Tourne away frome me
thy heauy dyspleasure: and
destroy me not foz the synnes
of my youth.

I humbly beseeche thee, O
Lozde, fozgene me, fozgeue
me foz thy excedinge mercy.
O lord god of hostes, if thou
be determined to saue, who
can let oꝝ resist: if thou stret-
che out thy hande, who shall
turne

PSALME.

turne thee away?

Thou mayest do to me as
the potter dothe to his potte
for behold, I am in thy hand
as the clay in his.

Amende me, o lord, but in
mercy not in thyne anger:
leaste thou viterly consume
me: make me to vnderstand
and knowe, howe hurtefull
and deadly a thinge it is, to
forsake thee, my Lord God,
and to caste awaye from me
the feare of thee.

There is no man that can
helpe me nor cure my plague:
no man can delyuer me, but
thou, O Lord, which woun-
dest

SECOND

dest and makest hole: whiche
strykest and healest agayne.

My destruction commeth
of my selfe: my helpe & salua-
tion standeth onely in thee.

For none is lyke vnto the,
thou art myghty: and great
is the name of thy strengthe.

Turne me to thee (O lord)
and I shalbe turned: take a-
way fro me this sinfull hert,
that thy lawe maye brynge
forth fruite in me.

Remembre me Lord for
thy goodnesse sake: and for
the great loue that thou be-
rest rewardes me.

O lord god (beholde) thou
hast

PSALME.

hast made bothe heauen and
earth by thy great myght: &
nothing is harder to thee.

Thou art that puissant and
myghtye, whose name is the
lord of hostes, great and mer-
uaylous in thy counsaile.

Allone as thou hast spoken
the word, al thinges be done
allone as thou hast commaun-
ded, things be: and thy word
retourneth not to thee voyde
and without effect.

Thou (o lord god) shewest
mercy vnto al: for thou canst
doe all, and thou makest as
though thou sawest not the
sinnis of men, because they
shoulde

SECONDE

shoulde do penauunce, and amende theyr lyues.

For thou louest al thinges that be: and hatest nothinge that thou hast made: for nothyng thou madest or hast or dayned of any hatred.

Thou sparest and tendrest all men: for all thynges be thyne, and thou louest the soules of men.

Thou doest minister mercy equitie & iustice in the earth: and therfore in these vertues thou greatly delytest.

Cruely, O Lorde thou art righteous and gracious, not withstanding I haue offended

PSALME.

ded the, transgressing thy co-
uenaunte, and trespassing a-
gainst the, O lord, thou hast
sene all my abominations:
loke on my cause, and consy-
der howe vyle and wretched
I am: see and beholde my
great confusion. In the time
of consilacion heare me, and
in the daye of saluation haue
mercy on me.

Be mercifull vnto me, and
haue mercye on me, whyche
haue none other healpe but
thee: whose wyl nothyng
can resist whan so euer thou
doest purpose to saue.

Heare me, whyche am a
wret.

SE CONDE

tozette, makinge supplica-
cion vnto thee: make me to
truste in thy name: and dely-
uer me by thy power.

Haue regarde to me from
heauen (**O** Lorde) and looke
downe from thy holy habita-
cion, and from the throne of
thy glorie.

Destroie me not because
of my iniquitie: but remembre
the sorowe and payne that I
suffer.

Be not still angrie with
me (**O** lord) forget al my sins
and remember them no lon-
ger.

Lette my prayer ascende
by

PSALME.

vp vnto thee, save vnto my
soule: Beholde, I am come
to thee, thy healthe and thy
saluacion. Amen.

C The.iii.psalme.

For remission of
synnes.

O GOD eternall, iust
and holpe, whiche keepest
covenat and mer-
cy wth them that loue thee
and keepe thy commaunde-
mentes.

Looke on mee and haue
mercy vpon mee: for I haue
trespassed

THIRDE

trespassed agaynst thee, and
done euill in thy syght.

Shewe tooke vppon me
the tender affections of thy
mercye, that thy seruaunte
maye haue an heart to praye
vnto thee.

I humbly make my praye
er before thy face, not trust-
yng in mine owne rightous-
nesse, but in thy greates mer-
cyes.

For I am vnclene and fyl-
thy, & all my ryghtousnes is
lyke a foule bluddy cloute.

Vnto thee, O Lord, be su-
ffice, mercy, and pittie: but
vnto me bee confusyon and
shame

PSALME.

Shame for my iniquities.

Certaynely euen from my begynnyng, I haue bled my selfe prondely agaynste thee doyng wyckedly, and sea- singe not.

O Lorde, thou hast redeemed me, and yet I haue not ceased to offend thee, and my hert hath not ben streight in thy syght.

Thou hast taught & instructed me, and stablyshed my power: and I haue ben euyl affected towarde the, being lyke vnto a deceptfull bowe.

My pryde and presumption accuse me to my face: I

E

am

THIRDE

am ouerthrowen in myne
owne wickednesse, I do seke
the (o lord) I besech thee, that
I maye finde thee, thou arte
separated from mee: for I
haue greedely folowed filthy-
nes.

Yet wyl I accuse mine own
sinfull wayes before thee (O
lord vntyl thou haue mercye
vpon me: and receyue me a-
gaine into thy fauour.

God forbide that ever I shuld
depart from thee againe, and
not dyligently seeke for thy
promyses.

I wyl neuer hold my peace
nor kepe silence: vntyll thou
haue

PSALME.

haue establyshed that coue-
nant with me, whiche thou
hast made and ordeygued in
tymes past.

That is to saye, like as the
iustice of a iust man, shal not
delyuer or saue hym, what
time so euer I shal offed. So
the wyckednesse of a wicked
mā shal not hurte him, what
tyme so euer he shall retorne
from his wickednes.

In hope of this (O Lorde
God) I wil tary thy pleasure
for thou art good to thē that
trust in thee, and to the soule
that seketh thee.

Thou kepest thy truth for
E ii ever:

PSALME.

euermore: & the word which
istrueth for the of thy mouthe,
shal not be boide and of none
effecte.

Destroye me not (good
Lorde) for my sinnes: nor re-
serue not eternall punysh-
ment for me.

Open thyne eyes, and be-
holde the greatnesse of my
payne and affliction: for my
iniquitie is great in thi sight
and my sinnes haue brought
me into this trouble.

Destroy me not utterly,
nor leaue me in my synnes:
for thou arte God of mercye
and very gracious.

Erce.

PSALME.

Execute not the punishment vpon me, whiche thou haddest purposed: do to me accordinge to thy name, althoughe my defaultes and synnes be many.

O Lorde, thou arte my God: and thy name hath bin put vpon me, Leaue me not in the depeneth of my troubles.

Thou haste chastysed and reformed manye, and haste strengthened the wepy hands, thy wordes haue set vp hym that staggered, and thou hast made streyghte the crooked knees.

E iii wher

THYRDE

Wherefore I wyl seke thee
(O lorde God) whiche haste
wroughte great thinges vn-
serchable and innumerable.

Thou haste taken vp the
poore out of the dust, and hast
exalted theym, whiche were
abiectes.

For thou doest delpyer the
poore in his miserie out of the
straitte and botomles pitte of
tribulation, & out of the wide
mouth of anguish & afflictio
into rest and quietnes.

Thou art gracious & mer-
cifull, for that thou shewest
mercy to them, which be not
yet come into the world: and
thou art

PSALME.

arte very mercifull to theym
which diligently obserue and
keepe thy lawes, & thou doest
patiently suffre sinners: ge-
uynge them tyme and place,
wherby they may be chaged
from their malyce.

Hear me a poore wretch,
making supplicatiō vnto the
for in thee & in thy name, I
haue put mi trust & affiance.

Take me thy seruant vnto
the, and make me good, and
let me not be disapoynted of
that, that I loke for.

Come againe (o Lord god)
and saue my soul, destroy me
not, whom thou haste rede-

E lill

med

THIRDE

med by the great might and power.

Loke not vpon the hardenes of my hert, noꝛ vpon my sinnes, but like as thou hast manye tymes shewed mercy so nowe be mercifull and foꝛ geue me.

Hear me O Loꝛde and be pacified, regard my prayer, and do accordinge to thy great name.

O Loꝛde, I looke to haue helpe and saluatiō from the, and this is my dayly meditation and exercise.

Foꝛ thy mercies be great: thy goodnesse is inestimable
Here

PSALME.

Here me nowe fauourably, and withholde thy mercies no longer from me.

In the way of thy Iudgements I wyll looke after the: my soul desyrezth to magnifie thy name: and to haue thee in memozy.

Incline my hert to do thy commaundementes, directe my wayes euermore in thy syght.

Let me neuer hereafter go away frō thy wayes: nor leue me not now in the depenelle of my troubles.

Turne not thine eyes away from me: but teache me (D

E b

Lorde

THYRD

Lozde) to doe those thinges,
which ar pleasat in thi sight.

Make a perpetuall leage &
couenant with me, that thou
wylte put thy feare into my
herte: that I neuer swarue
from thee in all my lyfe.

Withdrowe not thy good-
nes frō me for euer, but kepe
thy promise and fidelitie.

Be good vnto me with be-
nevolence and fauoure: for
thou art mercifull, & thy dis-
pleasure contynueth not for
euer.

Remembze me with fauour
and kyndenes: and visite me
with thy saluation.

PSALME.

I knowe (O lord god) that
thou arte gracious and mer-
cifull, paciente, and of great
mercifulnesse.

Thou art good and merci-
full, thou kepest couenante &
mercy with thy seruantes,
whiche walke befoze thee in
theyr whole herte.

There is none other god
but thou, whiche regardeste
and carest for all.

For thou hast ben euer very
mercifull to me: delyueryng
my soule fro the depe of hell.

Let thy goodnes (O Lord)
bee euer with me, for all my
welth resteth onely in thee.

An

THYRDE

In the time of tribulacion
I cal vpd the o lozde for thou
art nygh vnto them, whiche
call vpon thy holy name.

Succour me, O God, and
loke merely vpon me, shewe
me the light of thy cōutenāce
in thee my soul trusteth, and
my hert reioysseth.

Let my prayer come vnto
thy thzone, bow down thine
eare vnto my crye.

Here me nowe being peni-
tent, O Lozde, whome thou
hast hitherto patiently suffe-
red to the intent I should re-
pent and amende my life.

O God, I haue opened
vnto

THYRDE

vnto the my lyfe: laue me for
thy names sake, for my trust
is in thee.

What care I for worldly
thynges? Thys one thyng
only I nede and desyre, that
I maye fynde grace and fa-
uoure in thy sight.

Wherfore I beseeche thee,
(O Lorde God) take awaye
from me this payne and so-
rowe, or at least wylse my ty-
gate and allwage it, other
by comfort or by counsaile,
or by what meanes so euer
it shalbe sene good to thee.

The fourth Psalme.

A com.

FOURTH

The.iii. Psalmie
a complaint of a penitēt
synner, whiche is soze trou-
bled and ouercome with sin-
nes.

O LORD GOD, mer-
cyfull and patient: and
of much mercifulnesse and
trathe.

Which for thy abundant
charytie, and accordeinge to
thy greatte mercye, haste ta-
ken vs oute from the power
of darkenes, and haste saued
vs by the fountayne of rege-
neratiō & new birth, and the
renewing of the holy ghoſt:
whom

P S A L M E.

Whom thou hast shed vppon
vs aboundauntely by Iesu
Christ our sauiour.

If I haue founde grace and
fauoure in thy syghte: suffer
mee to speake a woorde vnto
thee: and bee not dyspleased
with me.

Why doest thou euer for-
get me: and leauest me in the
myddes of my troubles and
cupls.

Where is become thy zeale
and thy strengthe: where is
the multytude of thy tender
affections: and of thy mer-
cies.

O Lord, may not he, which
is

FOURTH

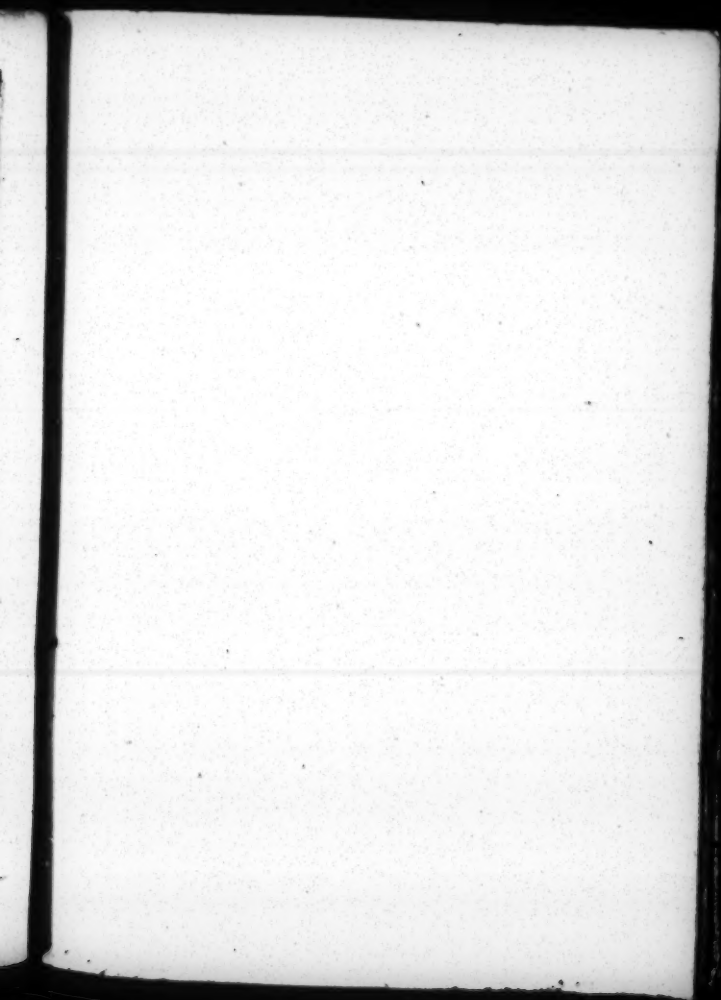
is fallen, ryle bp agayne: or
may not be, which hath gone
away from thee, retorne to
thee agayne?

Shall my sorowe euer en-
dure: Shall my wounde be vn-
curable and neuer healed.

Howe commeth it to passe,
that I styl torne away from
the: my sinne daily increseth
and of my selfe I can not re-
tourne.

In as much as it is not ge-
uen to mā to direct his owne
wayes: neither to make per-
fect his owne procedinges.

For in thy hand is the life
of euery lyuyng thyng: and
the





PSALME..

from thee.

For thyne owne sake (O
Lord god) lay not my sinnes
to my charge.

I vnderstand not al mine
erroours: innumerable trou-
bles close me rounde aboute,
my sinnes haue taken holde
vpon me, and I am not able
to loke vp.

Put to thy hande to helpe
me, and leade me right in all
my woꝝkes.

Make mee to walke per-
fectly in thy wayes, that no
kynde of synne ouercome
mee.

Set a watche before my
I mouth,

SEVENTH

mouth: and kepe the doze of
my lippes.

Let the wordes of my mouth,
the, and the medytacyon of
my herte be euer pleasant and
acceptable in thy sight.

Let the worde of truth ne-
uer go away from mi mouth
and suffre no malice to dwel
in my heart.

O Lorde delyuer my soule
from lyinge lippes: and saue
mee frome the deceyghtfull
tounge.

Put into my mouth thy
true and holye worde: & take
cleane from me all idell and
vnfrutefull speache.

Dely.

PSALME.

Deliver me from fals sur-
mises, and accusacions of
men. Rule me even as thou
thinkest good, after thy wyll
and pleasure.

Turne away mine eyes.
that they beholde no vayne
thynges: fasten them in thy
waye.

Take from me fornicati-
on and all uncleannesse, and
let not the loue of the fleshe
beguyle me.

Hea, deliuer my soule from
pryde, that it raygne not in
me: and then I shalbe cleane
from the greatest synne.

Stay and keepe my feete
I. ii. from

SEVENTH

from euery pll way, leaff my
steppes swarue from thy pa-
thes.

My eyes loke euer vp vn-
to the (O lorde) because thou
art nigh at hande, and al thy
waies be the truthe.

Thy mercies be great and
manye (O Lorde) blessed is
he, who so euer trusteth in
thee.

For whan I sayde vnto
thee, my fete be slipped, thy
mercy (O Lorde) by and by
did holde me vp.

Teache me to do thy wyll,
e lede me by thy pathe waye:
for thou art my god.

PSALM.

O lord, saue my soule, and
delyuer mee from the power
of darkenes.

Let the brightnesse of thy
face shine vpon thy seruante
for vnto thee (O Lord god)
I haue fled for succour.

Looke vnto me, and haue
mercye vppon me, for I am
desolate and poore.

Keepe my soule, and dely-
uer me, that I be not cōfoun-
ded: for I haue trusted in the
O Lord god, forsake me
not, althoughe I haue doone
no good in thy sight.

For thy goodnes graunt
mee that at the leaste wyle
I.iii. now

EIGHT

nowe I maye begyn to lye
well. Amen.

The. viij. Psalme.

A ch:istian man prayeth
that he may be defended
from his enemies.

O God almightye, saue
mee from myne ene-
mies : and by thy
stronge power defende and
kepe me.

Preserue my soule for thou
art holy, saue thy seruaunte,
whiche trusteth in thee.

For straungers do assaule
me

PSALME.

me dayly, and seke my soule
to destroy it.

O God helpe thou me, O
Lorde deliuer me from them
that rise bp against me.

We readye (O God) to suc-
cour me, make haste to helpe
me, O Lorde.

Be thou my protectour, &
a place of strength, wherein
I maye safely be.

For thou art my strength
and my refuge, for thy name
sake leade and guyde me.

Take me (O God) out of
the handes of mine enemies,
and cast me not awayne in the
tyme of trybulacyon, whan

I. iiii.

all

EIGHT

all my myght is decayed and gone.

Helpe me (O Lorde God) and saue me for thy mercies sake.

Haue mercy vpon me (O Lorde) the god of my health: and in thy ryghteousnes deliuer me.

From the beracion of them that persecute me: from the assaulte of myne enemyes, whiche compasse me aboute on euery side.

Let them be confounded & broughte to naughte, which be aduersaries vnto mi soule let them be covered wth shame and re.

PSALME.

rebuke, which seke my hurt.

Let them turne backe with rebuke and shame, which sai god hath forsaken hym, lette vs set on him, and take him for there is none that shal deliuer hym.

Comioyne thy self (O god) vnto my soul, make it stronge and deliuer me from mine enemies.

Destroy them by thy power, and bring to naught all theyr strength.

That they reioice not, and say amonge them selues, we haue overcome him, and betterly cast him downe.

A. b.

Saue

NYNTH

Save me (O Lord god) for
in thee haue I trusted, say to
my soule, bee not afrayde, for
I am wiche thee.

It is in thy hand, what shall
come of me, deliuer me from
myne enemyes, for yet they
ceasse not.

Their crueltie increaseth
dayly more and more, & com-
panies of tirannes violently
come on me, and they haue
not thee before their eyes.

But thou (O Lord) art gra-
ciouse and merciful, and suf-
ferest longe, and thy mercy
and truth is great.

Loke vnto me, & haue mer-
cy vpon

PSALME.

cy vppon me : endue thy seru-
uant with some of thy stren-
gth, for I call vppon thee,
and earnestly make my pray-
ers in thy sight.

My enemies reioice, that
I am fallen, and that my
hert hath tourned out of thy
waye.

But I trust in thy mercy
and my herte is comforted in
hope to haue helpe and salua-
cion from thee.

For thou art good and gra-
cious, thy mercy endureth
euer, and thy truthe con-
tinueth from one generacion
to an other.

Let

N Y N T H

Let all them reioyce in the
and be glad, whiche seke the,
and let them whiche loue to
haue saluacion of thee, say:
Magnifyed be the Lorde for
euer. Amen.

The. ix. Psalm.

Agaynst enemies.

S Lord, and behold how
many thei be, which trou-
ble me, howe manye whiche
make rebellion agaynst me:

They say amonge them sel-
ues of my lowle: there is no
helpe

PSALM . l .

helpe of God for it to truste
vpon.

O lord god, in thee I haue
put my hope and truste, saue
me from them, which do per
secute me, and deliuer me.

Least peraduenture at one
tyme or an other, they take
my lyfe from me, and there
be none to deliuer mee from
them.

Haue pytie vppon mee (O
Lorde) loke vpon the afflicti
on, whiche I suffre of my e
nemies.

Forget not thy poore ser
uaunt, suffre not them whi
che be oppzessed, to looke for
helpe

NYNTH

help2 alwayes in vaine.

But the to flight: disapoint
them of their purposes, caste
them downe hedling as their
wyckednes hath deserved,
for they are traytours and
rebelles against thee.

Let their power be brought
to nought: and their wicked
nesse lyght vpon their owne
heades.

Let the wicked sinners re-
turne into hell, and let them
fal and be taken in the pitte,
whiche they haue digged.

I wyl trust in the (O lord)
whiche sauesth them, that in
thee put their confidence.

They

PSALME.

They saye, that thou forgettest thy seruauntes, and that thou hydest thy face, because thou wylt not se theyr trouble.

Their pride is to be much grief and beracion: and they glory and triumphe in oure trouble and aduersitie.

Howe longe (O Lord) wylte thou stande a farre of, and hide thy selfe in the time of tribulacion?

Howe longe shall the wicked dispise thee: and saye in theyr heart, that thou regardest nothyng.

Awake vp (O Lord) stretch
out

NYNTH

out thi hand, forget not them
whiche be oppzelled.

Bring downe the power of
the wycked: that they maye
perishe together with their
wickednes.

Let thy zeale sodainly come
vpon them, the firy thunder-
boltes and the spirite of the
whirlewynde be porcion of
theyr parte.

Preuent me in the day of my
tribulacion, & deliuer me out
of my distresses.

Haue mercye vpon me, for
I am troubled on euery side:
and my strengthe is decayed
thzoughe mine iniquitie.

Myne

PSALME.

Myne enemyes speake of mee muche shame & rebuke, and they are wholly bent to take my lytle from me.

The paines of death com passe me rounde aboute, and the fluds of my sinnes trouble me soze.

The ropes of hell be tyed rounde aboute me, and I am wrapped in the Inares of death & whiche way soo euer I go, I find stumbling blockes to ouerthrowe me.

Stande vp, O Lord, and punish this naughty people, and deliuer me from my deceitfull enemye.

R. f.

Hearc

T E N T H

Hear me in the day of my
tribulacion : let thy mightie
name defende me.

For thou art my forteſſe
and my glory, and bearest by
my weakenes and infirmite.

Save me lord, I beseeche
the, that myne enemies pre-
uaile not agaynst me.

Poure out thy indignaci-
on vpon them : and lette the
wrache of thy fure beere and
trouble them.

Let them be confounded
for euer, yea let theym trem-
ble and perishe together.

Let them fall into the drepe
pyt, and neuer be able to ryse
vp

PSALME.

by agayne.

That they may knowe the
name to be the lord of hostes
only mighty and high, world
without ende. Amen.

The x. psalme.

When the enemies be so
cruell that he can not
suffre them.

Have mercye vppon me
(O GOD) for mine e-
nemye treadeth me vnder his
feet, he ceaseth not to assault
me, & to doe me muche grese.

He alwayes coneteth to
k. ii. swa.

TENTH

swalowe me vp, and manye
there be that prondly bragge
and crake against me.

They gather them selues
together in coznors, they
watche my steppes, howe
they maye take my soule in a
trappe.

They be like vnto a Lyon
that is gredye of his praye, &
lyke a yong lyon, they prui-
ly lye in wayte for me.

They doe beset my wayes,
that I should not escape, they
looke and stare vppon me, to
take me in their snare.

They haue prepared a net
for my feete: they haue dyg-
ged

PSALME.

ged a depe pyt, that my soule
might fall therin.

Make me stronge, O Lord
God, by thy mighte and po-
wer, make my way perfit be-
foze thee.

Keepe my steppes continu-
allye in righte pathes, leaste
perchaunce my fete begin to
slippe.

I am so bered, that I am
utterlye weary, heape me a-
gainst them that ly in waite
foz me.

Make thy mercye to bee
meruaylous in me: and de-
liuer my soule oute of theyr
handes.

B. lll.

Vide

TENTH

Hide me from the compa-
nye of the wycked, and from
the rage of them that worke
iniquitie.

• Accoꝝdinge to thy greate
mercy quicken me, that now
i my soꝝow I be not brought
vnder the power of myne e-
nemy which rageth agaynst
mee.

Send foꝝthe thy lighte and
thy truth, and they shal leade
me vnto thy holy hill, and in
to thy tabernacles.

Instructe and teach my
handes to battaile, make my
armes stronge lyke a bow of
steele.

¶ Gyde

PSALME.

Giue me with strength to
battayle: ouerthrowe theym
that arise against me.

Instruct me in the way,
wherein I maye walke, pro-
uide for me by thy oversight
Caste downe myne enemies
before my face, and destroye
them that hate me.

Leasse myne enemyes o-
uercome me, and the compa-
nye of tyrantes ouerwhelme
me.

Make my secte to bee sted-
fast: and my pathes strayne.

They reioice and be glad of
my fall and declinacion, they
be asssembled together against

Ps. lxxxviii.

me

T E N T H

me, they stryke to kyl men in
the waye befoze I maye be-
ware of them.

They curse and banne my
woordes euery daye, and all
theyr thoughtes be set to doo
me harme.

My life is as it were in the
middles of fierce lions, whose
teethe be lyke vnto speares,
and their tonge like a sharpe
sword.

And who shal stand with
me against all these? or who
shall ouercome these woordes
of iniquitie.

They shal flee and runne
awaye (O lord) as soone as
thou

PSALME.

thou rebukeſt them: from the
voice of thi thunder thei ſhal
runne hedling.

which lokeſt vpon the earth
and it wholly quakeſh, whi-
che toucheſte the hyiles, and
they ſmoke.

Judgement procecdeth from
thy face, thine eyes dooe ap-
proue equitie.

Kepe me (O Lorde) from
mine aduerſaries, and vnder
the ſhadowe of thy wynges
defende me.

Judge them that hurt me:
fight againſt them that fight
wich me.

Let them go backwarde
R. b. and

TENTH

and haue ill lucke, which persecute me: put them to shame that wyl my hurte.

Make them to be as dust in the winde, and let thy angell bere and disquiet them.

Let them vanish away like smoke, and as ware melteth with the heate of the fyre, so let them perish (O lord, from thy sight and presence.

Beat them down, that they be not able to stande, neuer geue ouer, vntyll thou halte utterly destroyed them.

Make their wayes darke and slippey: and let thine angel fierly go vpon them.

And

PSALME.

And thou (O Lord god)
haue mercie vpon me, send me
helpe, and then I shall be a-
ble to resist them.

For I am weake and in
sorrowe, geue thou me health
and saluacion.

Let thy hand correcte and
chastise mee, but deliuer me
not vnto mine enemies.

My soule is filled with the
scornynge and derisyon that
mine enemies haue at me:
and with the dyspitefulnesse
of the proude.

My soule is cleane discour-
aged within me: it groweth
and fretteth in it self against
me:

TENTH

me, yet wyl I truste in thee:
for that I shall estones geue
thee thanks againe, for the
help and saluacion that thou
sendest me.

For thy very truthe now
helpe me, O thou, which art
my helth, & the hope and com-
fort of all regions of the erth
and of the maine sea.

Whiche by thy power ru-
lest from the beginning thin-
gies beholde al thinges.

What god is ther but thou:
who is so strong as thou our
God.

In thy protection I wyl
trust, vntyll iniquitie be pas-
sed

PSALME.

sed and gone.

In thee, I shall be stronge
and sure so: ever moze.

Amen.

C The. xj. Psalmie.

C Of confidence and
trust in god.

O Lord, whiche art my
lyght, and my health,
of whom shall I be a
frayde.

O Lord, thou arte the
strength of my lyfe, in thee I
wylleuer trust.

For like as the heart whan
be

ELEVENTH

he is chased) coueteth to the
ryuers of water, euen so (**O**
Lord) my soule desyzerh to be
with the.

My soule trusteth to bee
with thee: for with the is the
fountaine of life, and recrea-
cion in aduersitie.

Heare in this worlde is la-
bour and payne, calamitie &
miserie.

We haue battaile daylye
with enemyes, we haue no
rest here so long as we lyue.

But whan so euer we put
our trust in thi help, than we
shalbe sure by thy protection
sayinge vnto thee: thou arte
our

PSALME.

our defendour, our refuge, &
our god, and in the we trust.

Thou shalt deliuer me frō
the snares of the hunters, &
from the peryls of my perse-
cutours.

Thou shalt make a shade v
for mee, vnder thy shoulders
and vnder thy winges I shal
be harmeles.

Thy truth shalbe my shield
and buckler: and no euyl shal
approche nere vnto me.

And therfore if mi enemies
shall warre agaynst me, that
thei may deuour me wholly:
yet wyl I not flee nor tourne
my backe.

Al.

ELEVENTH

Although neuer so strong
enemies shal pitch their tent
tes against me, my heart shal
not be afraide, if death soden
ly come vpon me: in thee, wil
I rest without feare.

Thou shalt hyde me in thy
tabernacle, in the time of ad-
uersitie, thou shalt hyde me
in some secreete place of thy
tente, thou shalt set me vpon
a sure rocke.

Thou shalt lifte me vp a-
bove my enemies besiegyng
me rounde aboute, and thou
shalt deliuer me out of theyr
handes.

If I shall walke in the
middles

PSALME.

in the midst of tribulation, & thou shalt
keepe me, and thou shalt stretch
forth thy hand agaynst mine
enemies, and thy right hand
shall saue me.

O lord, thou shalt do and
bring to passe all thynges for
me, thy mercy endureth euer
thou wylte not dispise thyne
owne handy worke.

Thou shalt leade me oute
of the net, whiche myne ene-
mies haue spread abroad to
catche me in, thou shalt take
me out of their ptt.

O howe great be the good
thynges, which thou laiest vp
in store for them that feare
thee.

ELEVENTH

the: which also thou shewest
to them that trust in thee, e-
uen in the syghte of chyldren
of men.

Thou hidest them in the se-
cret place of thi countenance
from trouble of enemies, and
from their contencions.

O Lorde, what a precious
tresure is thy goodnes: & me
shal truste in thy protection.

They shalbe filled with the
plentifulnes of thy hous: and
thou shalt make them drinke
of the river of deinties.

They shal drinke with thee
of the fountaine of life, and in
the light, they shall se light.
Thy

PSALME.

Thy rightcousnes is as the
highest mountaines, and thy
indgements be lyke vnto the
deepe botomles waters.

Thy mercy stretcheth vp
to the heauens, and thy truth
ascendeth vp to the same.

O lord god, thou hast euer
from age to age, bene our re
fuge and succour.

Before the foundations of
the earth were layed without
beginning and endyng thou
art god.

O my God, thou hast hel
ped me euer from my yoothe
and vntil my old age and last
dayes forsake me not.

ELEVENTH

I will acknowlage, that I
haue al my strength of thee, for
thou arte my protection, my
God and my saviour.

And therefore what time
so euer I shall be afraied: I
will trust in thee.

What time so euer I shall
call vpon thee: I knowe that
thou art my god.

Kepe thy mercie for me al-
waies, and thy euenaunt that
thou haste made with me, let
it be surely perfourmed.

And if I haue swarued fro
thy lawe, and not walked in
thy iudgements.

If I haue broken thy statu-
tes,

PSALM.

tes, and transgressed thy cō-
maundementes.

Thā with thy rod vssite
mine offences, and with stry-
pes correct my trespasses.

But take not thy mercye
awaye from me: and let not
thy pꝛomysse be voyde and of
none effect.

Breke not that couenant
that thou hast made with me
& chāge not that which hath
issued out of thy mouth.

Foꝛ in the (o god) our helth
and gloꝝy doth consist, thou
art our helper: in whome we
do euer trust.

And this is certain, that al
they

L.iii.

ELEVENTH

they which trust in thee, shall
not be confounded.

Foz who is he that hath
trusted in the, and is confoun-
ded: or who hath called vpon
the, and thou hast despise-
d hym.

Foz thy name sake (o Lorde)
thou forgeuest oure sinnes,
although they be many and
griuous.

Thou art a sure stay to the
that dread thee, and shewest
them thy testament.

And to thee I cry, o lorde,
and beleue that thou wylte
saue me, foz thy greatte mer-
cies sake.

Thou

PSALME.

Thou shalt redeeme my
soul in peace from the wrath
whiche is to come in the last
daye.

I wyll offre vp to thee sacri-
fice of laud and praise: and I
wyll rendre vp my bowes to
thee which art the highest.

The wicked watche, and
looke to destroye me, but I
trust in thy mercy.

Thou art my protectour
and my bucklar: my god, my
strength, my refuge, and de-
liverer.

I saye and loke for healpe
from thee (O Lorde) blessed
is the manne that trusteth

L. lili.

in

ELEVENTH

in thee.

O lord, what greate pleasures thou hast prepared for me in heauen: that I shoulde delyte in no earthly thyng but in thee.

My mooste pleasure is to cleaue faste vnto thee: And in thee to sette my hope and truste.

I commit my spirite into thy handes, deliuer me from the powers of darkenelle of this woꝛlde. Amen.

The

PSALME.

The xii. Psalm

I God deferre to helpe
longe tyme.

O My God, my god, why
forsakest thou me? why
lookest not vppon my neces-
sitie?

Shall thy mercy faile for
euer: wilt thou neuer be ple-
sed moze?

How longe wilt thou be
miscontented with mee, O
Lorde: wilt thou kende
thyne angre throughe as it
were fyre?

When wilt thou haue any

L. v.

re.

TVELFTH

regarde to deliuer my soule:
to deliuer my lyfe from de-
struction of enemies.

How longe shal I cry, and
thou wilt not hear, how longe
shal I make exclamacion for
very payne, and thou wylte
not saue me.

O Lord God of hostes,
how long wilt thou be angry
with the prayers of thy ser-
uaunt.

Come againe vnto me (O
God my sauoure) and take
awaye thyne indignacion a-
gaynst me.

When thou art tourued
O Lord, thou shalt restore
all

PSALM.

all thynges agayne, and he
that was in sauerie before,
shal take ioy and comfozte of
thee.

Let thy hande be to helpe
me, which is thy hādye work,
whom thou hast exalted and
magnified to set fooz the thy
glozy.

Myne enemyes lyue wel-
chely, & are stronge: and they
which hate me, encrease and
go forwarde dayly.

They dyspryse and set at
nought my counsaill, bicause
I take God for my hope and
comfozte.

They say to me dayly, thou
trustest

TVELFTH

trustest in God, let hym deliuer the, and saue the, yf so be that he beare loue and fauour towaides thee.

They leap at me, as it were so many dogges, the compaynes of the wycked barke at me, thei beset mi handes and feete rounde aboute.

O lord go not far away from me, thou art mi strength make spede to helpe me.

Deliuere my soule from death turne my way from the rage of dogges.

Kepe me out of the moushe of Lyons: and saue me from the
the

PSALM 1.

the deepe lake.

Thou art bothe holpe and
stronge, and no man is able
to resyst thee, when thy an-
ger is great and feruent.

Who shall not feare the (O
Lorde:) or whiche of all prin-
ces shall not obey thee.

The earth trembleth and
quaketh for feare of thyne
angre: and the people shall
not be able to abide thy thre-
tening.

Helpe me, o Lorde god, my
saviour, and for the glory of
thy name deliuer me, and for
geue me my trespasses.

For I do bitter and expresse
mine

TVVELFTH

myne iniquitie vnto the, and
my sin greueth me very soze.

Arise vp (O lord) and helpe
me, and delyuer me for thy
mercies sake.

O god, my refuge, and my
strength, which hast ben ever
a great helpe in tribulacion.

Thou diddest receiue me
into thy euicion, whā I cam
oute of my mothers wombe
and thou wast my helper,
whan I sucked my mothers
brestes.

I was left to the as sone as
I was bozne, even from my
mothers wombe, thou arte
my god.

With

PSALME.

Wilt thou not thy selfe
farre away from me: for tribu-
lacion is nere at hande, &
there is none that can helpe
me.

Myne enemies compasse me
rounde aboute, my persecu-
tours besiege me on euerye
syde.

And I am feble and weak
and sore broken, the paine of
my hert maketh me to grone
and sighe.

I am as the water that is
caste forth, my strengthe is
gone and bitterly dried vp, as
it were a tyle stone.

Haue mercy vpon me (O
Lorde)

TVVELFTH

Lord haue mer cye vpon me,
and impute not my synnes
vnto me, which I haue done
by folp.

Remembze not my synnes
passed, lette thy mercyes pre-
uent them, for I am in a mer-
uallous wretched case.

I am weakned and cleane
out woꝛne, & goe mourning
euery day.

And now (O Lord) what
loke I aske: viterly mi soule
lokech to the for helpe.

Shew now and declare thy
goodnes to me, and withholde
not thy helpe from me.

My soule is replenysht
with

PSALME.

wyth troubles and aduersy-
ties, and draweth neare vn-
to deathes doore.

I am in great povertie and
neede, and my heart is sore
troubled within me.

Caste me not awaye in the
tyme of my mooste necessitye
and now, when my strength
fayleth me, faile thou not me
O Lorde.

Deliver me from mine e-
nemyes: and make me not a
mocking stocke to them that
jest and raile vpon me.

Save mee from these ro-
ring Lions, ready to deuour,
and from the handes of them

Ps. l.

that

THYRTENE

that would haue my lyfe from
me.

I do cry to the (O Lorde)
for thou arte my hope, and
my porcion in the land of ly-
uers.

Bring my soule oute of
pryson, and set my feete in a
place, where I maye walke
at libertie.

Turne not away thy face
from me, least I be made like
vnto theym; that descende
into the pytche.

Geue eare vnto my pray-
ers, for I am punished and
brought very lowe.

Deliver me from my per-
secutours,

PSALME.

secutours, for they be muche
stronger than I.

O Lord, heare me speede-
ly, least my spirite faile with
in me.

Deliver my soule out of
trouble, and in thy mercy de-
stroy all mine enemies.

And make them to perishe
whiche woulde destroy me,
for I am thy seruant.

The. xlii. Psalm.

In which he giveth than-
kes to God, that his ene-
mies haue not gotten
the overhand of him.

D. ii.

3

THYRTENE

I will magnify and praise
the (O Lord god) for thou
hast exalted me and sette
me vp: & my enemyes haue
not gotten the ouerhande of
me.

O Lord of hostes, I haue
cried vnto the, and thou hast
saued me.

Thou hast broughte my
soule out of hell: thou hast
holden me v from falling in
to the deepe lake, fro whence
no man returneth.

Thou hast not closed me
vp in the handes of myne ene-
myes: but thou hast set my
fete in a place both wide and
broad.

PSALME.

120de.

I haue sought the, & thou
hast heard me: thou hast
brought me into libertie out
of great distresse.

Thou hast turned my sor-
row into gladnesse, thou hast
ceased my mourning, and com-
passed me round about with
thy hand.

Thou hast declared thy
greate magnificence in hel-
pinge thy seruant.

Thou hast done mercifully
with me in my miseries.

Thou hast regarded the
paine of the poore: thou hast
not turned away thy face

Ps. iii.

from

THYRTENE

from me.

I will euer be singing and speaking of thy mercies: and I wyl publyshe to other thy fidelitie and truthe, so longe as I shall lyue.

My mouthe shall neuer cease to speake of thy righteousness, and of thy benefites which be so many, that I cannot numbze them.

But I will geue the thanks tyll death take me awaye: I wil sing in the praise of thee, so longe as I shall continue.

I wyl triumph & reioyce in thy mercy, for that thou hast looked vpon my necessities, & regar,

PSALM.

regarded mi soul in mi great
distresse.

Thou hast ben my sure re-
fuge, and the strength of my
trust and hope.

I thanke the Lorde, for thy
goodnes alwaye, and for thy
exceeding mercy.

Thou hast ben my comfort
in the time of mi trouble, thou
hast ben mercifull vnto me,
(O lorde) and hast reuenged
the wronges that myne ene-
mies haue done to me.

Accordinge to the multi-
tude of the heauy thoughtes
that I had in my mynde, thy
comfortes haue cheared and
D.iiii. light

THYRTENE

lightned my harte.

Thou haste sent me now
ioye for the dayes wherein I
was in sorowe; and for the
yeres, in whome I suffered
many a painfull tyme.

Thou hast called to remem-
braunce the rebuke that thy
seruaunt hath bynne put to:
and howe furiously mine e-
nemyes haue persecuted me.

O Lorde Godde of hostes,
who maye bee compared vn-
to thee: thou art greates, and
greatly to be praised.

Thou art high vppon all
the earth, thou arte exalted
farre aboue all Goddes.

Gloze

PSALM.

Glorie and honoure be-
fore thy face: holynesse and
magnificence in thy sanctu-
ary.

With iustyce and iudge-
ment thy roial throne is sta-
blished, mercy and truth go
before thy face.

Blessed art thou (O lord)
which hast not holden backe
thy mercy from thy seruant.

After that I had longe lo-
ked for thee (O Lord) at the
last thou diddest attend vnto
me, and hardest my crye.

Thou hast taken me out of
the lake of misery: and sette
my feete vpon a rocke, and
made

THYRTENE

make my steppes sure.

Thou haste given me my desire, I haue sene thy ioyful countenaunce.

Thou hast stricken all my aduersaries, and hast abated their strength.

Thou haste rebuked the rebblement of them that bered me: and haste plucked me forth of theyr handes.

Thou hast cast them headlinge into their owne pytte, their feete be wrapped in the nette whiche they laid priuily for me.

Mine enemies are reculed backe, they are falle downe,
and

PSALME.

and distressed from thy sight.

Thou hast bene the poore
mans defence, and his helper
in tribulacion, when moost
need was.

Thou hast don iudgement
for me: thou hast defened my
cause against mine accusers

And although thou were
very angry with me a lytle
whyle: yet nowe I lye thro-
ough thy mercy & goodnes.
Merely I supposed with my
selfe that I was cleane caste
away out of thy fauour.

But thou hast hearde my
praisers, and according to thi
greate mercy haste taken me
again

THYRTENE

againſe in thy fauour.

O Lorde, of thyne owne mynde and wyl, thou haſte giuen ſtrength vnto my ſoul but when thou hydeſte thy face from me (O Lorde) howe greatly was I aſtoniſhed.

When I was in aduerſitie than I cried vnto thee, and thou dideſt anſwere me: whē my ſoule was in greate anguiſhe and trouble, then (O Lorde) I did remembre thee.

I haue taſted and ſcene howe ſweete thou art: truly bleſſed is that man, that truly liueth in thee.

Accoꝝdinge to thy name,
ſo

PSALME.

So is thy commendacion and
praysse : but thy counsailes
touchinge vs, be without ex-
ample, and greater then can
with wordes be expressed.

Dominion, power, & glo-
rye, be thyne: for thou haste
made all thynges : & because
thy wyll is soo, they doe styll
continue.

Thy name be blessed, prais-
sed, and magnified both now
and euer, and woulde wyth-
out ende. Amen.

The

FOURTENE

The. xiiii. psalme.

**In the whiche the
goodnes of God
is praysed.**

O Lord our governour:
how wonderfull is thy
maiestye throughtout
the whole world: which hast
sette thy glorie aboue all the
heauens.

**What is man, that thou
magniffest him so greatly: or
the sonne of man that thou
dosse visite him.**

**O Lorde thou arte greate
and muche to bee praysed in
thy holy byll.**

Praise

PSALM F.

Praise be vnto thee (O lord
God) lette oure bowes made
to thee, be alwayes persour-
med.

Confession and magnifi-
cence are thy worke; and thy
righteousnes continueth for
euermore.

Thou haste done manye
things (O lord God) bothe
meruaylous and greate, and
there is none that can be like
vnto thee in thy workes.

Thy waies be iust & true,
who will not feare and drede
thee, and magnify thi name?

I thanke thee (O lord god)
with all my heart: and I wyl
halow

FOVRTENE

halow thy name for ever.

O lord thou art my strength
and my prayse. Thou hast
broughte downe myne ene-
mies, whiche art a iudge euē
from the beginninge.

Thy right hande is exce-
dyng stronge: thy ryght
hande worketh many greate
actes.

Thine arme is myghtye
and stronge: and because it
hath pleased thee: thou hast
strengthened mine infirmite.

I will praise thy greace
and dreadefull name, for it
is holy.

Although I haue fallen,
yet

PSALME.

yet I am not cutt shred in pieces, for thou haste sustented my hande.

I haue opened and shewed my way vnto the, and in the I haue trusted, and thou at length hast accomplished my desires.

Thou hast broken the heades of mine enemies, & haste made them to stoupe, whiche walked prondly in theyr sinnes.

Thou hast dominion ouer their power, & whan they be exalted and set a losse in their waies, thou abatest their courage, and destroyest them
R. with

FOVRTENE

With thy mighty arme.

In thy name I wyl euer
reioyce, and in thy mercy is
all my glozie.

Thou louest righteousnes
and iudgement, the earth is
replenished with thy mercy.

Thy eie loketh fauourably
vpon them that dzead the, &
trust in thy mercy.

There shal no good thinge
be lackyng to them that seke
the, and they that feare the,
shall not be helpeles.

For thou doest ozder their
waies, & hearest them whan
they crye vnto thee.

That thou maiest deliuer
their

PSALME.

they: soules from death, and
swage their paines whā thei
be grieved.

For thou helpest the whose
bertes be broke wyth sorow
and bearest vp wyth thy hād
them that be contrite in spi-
rite.

Thou sauest the soules of
thy seruantes, and all they
that trust in the, shal not bee
destroyed.

Wherfoze my tunge shall
spynge thy prayse (O Lorde
God) I will alwaies magni-
fie thee.

I will loue the (O Lorde)
which arte my strength, my

P. II.

ffay

THE XV

Stay, my might, my saulour,
and my refuge.

My god, my defender, and
my buckler, the strengthe of
my saluacion, and my sup-
porter.

After that I had called vpo
the with due laud and prayse
thou hast saued me fro myne
enemies.

When I was in trouble I
called vpo the, thou hast herd
my voice out of thy holy tem-
ple, & my cry hath entred vp
into thine eares.

Thou haste saued me from
min aduersaries that rose vp
agaynst me: y hast deliuered
me

PSALM.

me from wicked enemies.

Thou hast taken me from
the compani of euil men, and
myne eye hath seene vppon
myne enemyes the thynges
that I desyred.

And therfore if it should for
tune me to passe throughe the
darke vale of death: I wil go
without feare, for thou wilt
be with me, thy rod and thy
staffe shall comfort me.

Thou shalt deliuer me from
tribulacion, thou shalt keepe
me from theym, whiche seke
to destroy me.

Mine eyes be vpon thee (O
Lord) for thou shalt bring me

P. lli.

fecte

FOVRTENE

sete forth of the snare.

Unto thee (o lordē god) I
wyl perfozme my bowes, I
wyl geue thee thankes both
now and euermore, & worlde
without ende. Amen.

¶ The. xv. Psalmē.

¶ Of the benefytes of God
with thankes for
the same.

My soule praiserh the (o
Lordē) and all that is
withīn me praiserh thy holy
name.

My soule geueth the hum-
ble

PSALME.

ble thanks, and thy benefi-
tes I wyll neuer forget.

Whiche forgeueste all my
sinnes; and healeste all mine
infirmities.

Which hast saued my life
from destructiō, and shewed
in me : thy grace and mercede.

Which hast satisfied my
desire with good thinges, &
shalte once restore my youth
agayne.

Thou hast entreated me mer-
cifully at all tymes, and hast
reuēged me of mine enemies

Thou hast ben a defence to
me (O Lord) and a sure founda-
cion of my welth.

P. lili.

Thou

FOVRTENE

Thou hast guided me with
thy counsaile, and taken me
to thee thzough thy mercy.

Thou hast many waies de-
clared in me thy great might
and power, and after thyne
angre hath bē past, thou hast
tourned againe, and comfoz-
ted me.

Thou haste sent me many
grenous troubles, but at the
length thou haste bzoughte
me out of the botomles depe-
nelle.

Thou hast made me priuey
to thy wayes, & haste not hid
thy counsailes from me.

Thou arte full of mercye
and

PSALME.

and grace (O Lord) flowe to
watch, and redy to goodnes.

Thy displeasure lasteth not
alwaye, and thou kepest not
backe thy mercyes in thyne
anger for euer.

Thou rewardeste vs not
accozding to our sins, nor pu
nyshest vs accozding to oure
desertes.

Looke how hie the heauen
is in comparisō of the earth:
so great is thy mercy towar
des vs.

How farre as the East is
distant frō the west, so farre,
(O Lord) remoue our sinnes
from vs.

P. b.

Like

THE XV

Like as a naturall father
hath pitie vpon his children:
euen so (O Lorde God) thou
hast had compassion vppon
vs.

Thou hast not forgotten
thy creature thou remembrest
that we are flesh, yea al men
lyuing.

And that the age of men is
lyke vnto grasse, and maye
be compared to the flowers
in the fielde.

Which as sone as the sharpe
wind hath blowen vpon the
wyth his blastes, whither a
waie and die, so that no man
can tel where thei did grow.

But

PSALM.

But thy mercy (o lord) and
thy loupnge kyndenes is al-
wayes vpon them that feare
the, and thy righteousnes en-
dureth for euer.

So that we kepe our pzomis
& couenāt with the: & so remē-
bre thy commaundements,
that we do them in dede.

O Lord, thou hast stablished
thy throne in heauen, & thou
gouernest al things by thine
imperiall power.

I wil magnifie the (o god)
and pzayse thy name, world
without ende.

I wil geue the thanks al-
waye, and make thy name
glorious

THE XV

glorious for ever.

O Lord, thou art puissant
and great, and thy magnyfi-
cence is vnsearchable.

One generacion shall shew
to another thy workes, and
they shall declare thyne aun-
cient noble actes.

They shall ever praise the
magnificence of the glory of
thy holines, and the memory
of thy great goodnes.

For thou art good and gra-
cious to all men, & thy mercy
excedeth all thy workes.

The eyes of all men beholde
and wait vpon the, that thou
shouldest geue them their su-
bernaunce

P S A L M.

Stenance in time cōueniente.

Thou openest thy hande
and fillest eueſy liuing crea-
ture with foode neceſſarie.

O Lord thou art rightfull
in all thy wayes, and holy in
all thy dedes.

Thou kepeſt al them that
loue thee, and the tormēt of
malice ſhal not touche them.

My mouth ſhal ſpeake thy
glozy & prayſe, and al liuing
creatures ſhal honoz thy ho-
ly name for euer.

Praſe the Lord, O ye his
aungels, myghtye in power
whiche doe his commaundes
mentes, & obey the voyce of
his

THE XV

his worde.

Prayse ye al together god
O ye, all his hostes, you his
ministers, that do his wll &
pleasure.

Praise the lord as I do,
and let vs magnifi his name
together.

Prayse the lord, O ye,
al his sainctes, for hys name
is glorious, and hys prayse
goeth aboue both heauen &
earth.

Praise the lord together,
O ye, all his workes, euery
thyng that liueth, prayse the
Lorde. Amen.

The

PSALME.

The. xxi. Psalmie
of Dauid.

The cōplaint of Christ
on the crosse.

MY GOD, my
GOD, whye
hast thou for-
saken mee: it
seemeth that I
shall not ob-
teyne deliuerance though I
seke for it with loud cries.

My God I wyl cry al the
day long, but thou wilt not an-
swere

THE XXI

swere, and al the night longe
without taking any rest.

The mean time thou moste
holiest semest to sit still, not
caring for the thinges that I
suffre: whiche soo ofte haste
healped me heretofore, and
haste geuen to thy people Is-
raell sufficient argumente &
matter to praise the with so-
ges, wherwith they haue ge-
uen thanks to thee for thy
benefites.

Our forefathers were wont
to put their trust in thee, and
as often as they did so, thou
diddest deliuer them.

As ofte as they cryed for
helpe.

PSALM.

helpe to thee, they were deli-
uered: as oft as they commit-
ted them selfe to thee, they
were not put to any shame.

But as for me I leue ra-
ther to be a worme thā a mā
the donghyll of Adam, the
outcast of the vulgar people.

As many as haue sene me
haue laughed me to scozne, &
rentled me, & shakynge theyr
heades in derisio at me, haue
cast me in the teeth, sayinge:

He is wont to boast & gloze,
that he is in greate fououre
with god, wherefore let God
now deliuer hym, if he loue
him so well.

D.1.

By

THE XXI

By thy procuremente (O Lord) I came out of my mothers wombe: And thou gauest me good comforte: euen whan I sucked my mothers breastes.

Throughe thy meanes I came into this worlde: and as sone as I was bozne, I was lefte to my euicion: yea thou wast my god, whā I was yet in my mothers wombe.

Wherfore goe not farre away from me: for danger is euen now at hād, and I se no man that wyl helpe me.

Many unles haue closed me in, bothe stronge and fat, they

PSALME.

they haue cōpassed me round
about.

They haue opened theyr
mouth agaynst me, like vnto
a Lion that gapeth vpon his
pray, and roareth for hunger.

I am poured out lyke wa-
ter, and all my kyndnes losed
one from an other, and my
harte is melted wythin me,
as it were ware.

All my strength is gone and
dried vppre lyke vnto a tyle
stone; my tongue cleaueth
to the rouse of my mouth: &
at the lasse I shall be buried
in the earthe, as the dead be
wont.

D.ii.

For.

THE XXI

For dogges haue compas-
sed me round about: and the
most wicked haue conspyzed
agaynst me, they haue made
holes thzoughe my handes
and my feete.

I was so vngentilly intre-
ted of them, y I might easily
numbre all my bones: & after
all the payne and tourmente
that they didde to me, with
greuous countenaunce they
stared and looked vpon me.

They denided my clothes
among them, and cast lottes
for my cote.

Wherefore Lord I beseeche
thee, go not far from me, but
for

PSALME.

for as muche as thou art my
powet and my strength, make
hast to helpe me.

Deliver my soule from
danger of the sword, and
keepe my lyfe destitute of all
mannes helpe, from the vio-
lence of the dogge.

Save me from the mouth
of the Lion, & take me frome
the hoornes of the unioernes.

I will shewe vnto my bre-
thre the maiesty of thy name
and when the people is most
assembled together.

I wyl praise and set forth
thy moste woorthye actes and
deedes.

D. lll.

All

THE XXI

All that worshippe the Lord
praise hym, all the posteritie
of Jacob magnify him, all ye
that be of the stocke of Isra-
ell: with reuerence serue and
honour hym.

For he hath not dyspleased
and set at naughte the poore
man, because of his mysery:
nor he hath not disdainfully
turned away his face from
him: but rather as the
poore man cryed vnto him for
helpe, he heard him by and by

I will praise the with my
songes openly in the multitud
of people, & I will performe
my bowes in the sight of the
that

PSALME.

that honour thee.

The pooze shall eate, and
be satisfied, they shall prayse
the lord, that study to please
hym, and as many of you as
continue stil such, your hertes
shall lyue.

All the endes of the worlde
shall consider these thynges,
and be turned to the Lorde,
and all heathen nacions shall
submit them selfe, and do ho-
mage vnto thee.

For the lord hath a power
royall and an imperiall do-
minion ouer the heathen.

The moste mighty & grea-
test of all them that dwell on
the

THE XXI

the earth, haue eaten, and after that they haue tasted the spirituall giftes of the Lord, they haue submitted the selfe and made humble suite vnto hym: yea and all the deade, which are buried in the earth shall kneele and make reuerence in his honour: because he hath not disdained to spend his owne lyfe for them.

They that shall come after vs shall honoure and serue hym

These thinges shall be writtent of the Lord, that our posteritie maye knowe and vnderstande them.

That they also may come
and

PSALM.

and shew these thinges to the
people, that shall be borne of
them, that the lord hath done
these thinges, whiche bee so
mercifulous.

A Psalm of thanks
geuyng.

Jubilate deo omnis terra.

Recoyce and singe in the
honour of the Lord, all
ye that live on earth.

Worshyppe and serue the
Lord with gladnes, come in
to his sight & presence with
joy and mirth.

D. b.

Ackno

PSALME.

Acknowledge you, and confesse, that the Lord is that God, whiche hath created and made vs, for truely we made not our self, but we be his people, and his flocke, which he nourisheth and feedeth continually.

Go ye through his gates to geue hym thanks for the innumerable benefits which ye haue receiued of him, and to singe through his courtes his worthy actes and dedes, prayse hym, and hyghly commend his name.

For the lord is both good and gracious, and his mercies
is

A PRAYER

is infinite: he is most constant
in keepinge of his promyses,
not to one generation onely,
but euen to all.

A prayer for the
Queene.

O Lord Iesu Christ most
hyghe, moste myghtye,
king of kings, Lord of lords,
the onli ruler of Princes, the
very sonne of god, on whose
right hand sitting, doest from
thy throne behold al the dwel-
lers vpon earth: with moste
lowly hertes we beseeche the,
vouchesafe with fauourable
regard

A PRAYER

regarde, to behold our moſte
gracions ſoueraygne Ladye
Queene Elizabeth the firſt,
& ſo replenſhe her with the
grace of thi holy ſpirite, that
ſhe alway incline to thy wil,
and walke in thy way. Kepe
her far of from ignoraunce,
but thzough thy giſt, let pru-
dence & knowledge alway a-
bound in her royall hart: So
inſtruct her (O Lorde Jeſu)
raiſning vpon vs in earthe,
that her humayne maieſtie,
alwaye obey thy diuine ma-
ieſtie in feare and dread. In-
due her plentifully with hea-
uenly giſtes. Graunt her in
helch

A PRAYER

helth and welth long to liue.
Heape glory and honour vpon
pon her. Glad her with the
toy of thy countenance. Do
strengthen her, that she maye
vanquish & overcome al her
and ouersee, and be drede
and feared of all the enemies
of her realme.

¶ A prayer for men to say
entring into bat-
tyle.

O Almighty kinge and
Lorde of hostes, whi-
che by thy Angelles
there vnto appoynted, doest
mynyster bothe warre and
peace, and whiche didst geue
vnto

A PRAYER

unto Dauid bothe courage
& strength, being but a lytle
one, unarmed, and vnerpert
in seates of warre, with his
slynge to set upon and over-
throwe the great huge Goli-
ath: our cause nowe beyng
iust, & beyng enforced to en-
ter into warre & battaile, we
most humbly beseeche thee (O
Lorde God of hostes) soo to
tourne the hertes of oure en-
emies to the desyre of peace
that no chrysten blud be spilt
oz els graunt (O Lorde) that
with small effusion of bloud
and to the lytle hurte and
damage of innocētes we mai
to

A PRAYER

to thy glozpe, obteyne bycto-
ry: and that the warres be-
yng soone ended, we may all
with one hart & mynde, knyt
together in cōcorde and unis-
tie, laude & praise thee, which
lyuest & raignest world with-
out ende. Amen.

A prayer for forgiuenesse
of synnes.

I have strayed abroad as a
lost shepe: seke for thy ser-
uant (O Lorde) for I have
not forgotten thy command-
ementes. Remembre not
(Lorde) the offences and ig-
norances of my youth.

Psalme

A PRAYER

Minde me according to thy
mercy, Lorde, for thy good-
nes sake, keepe my soule, de-
liuer me, for I haue hoped
in the. Turn my wayling in
to ioy. Cut mi sacke of sorow
in pieces, and clothe me with
gladnes, and I wil singe thy
glory. Amen.

FINIS.

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